

LITERATURE

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Date

MENTOR

APRIL 1921



IRELAND TODAY

BY E. M. NEWMAN, TRAVEL LECTURER

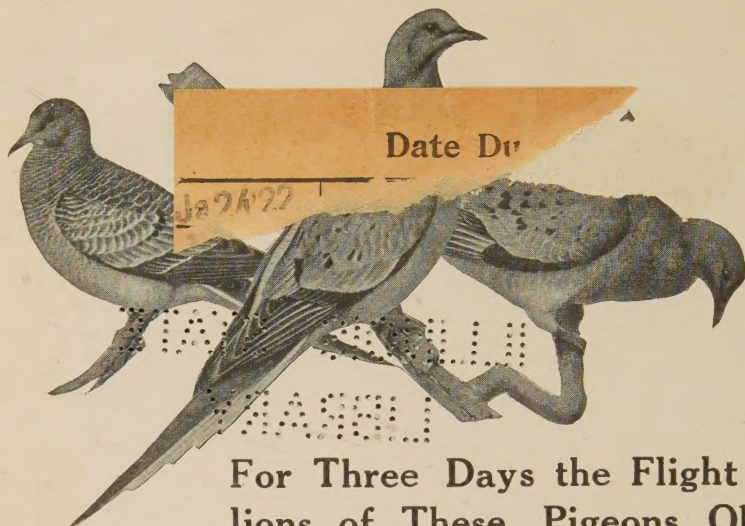
WHAT NEXT—AS SHAW SEES IT
THE IRISH IN AMERICAN HISTORY
IRISH SONGS MCCORMACK SINGS
THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST RAILROAD
MILLIONS AND MILES OF SEED
PUPPETS AND PUPPETEERING

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HISTORY

NATURE

TRAVEL

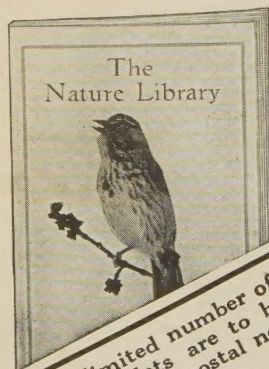


For Three Days the Flight of Billions of These Pigeons Obscured the Light of The Noonday Sun And Now the Species Has Entirely Disappeared

In Louisville, Kentucky, in 1813, billions of passenger pigeons passed north with a noise like a gale. People crowded the banks of the river to shoot them. So closely they flew, a single shot killed 91. The extinction of this species seemed an absolute impossibility. Nevertheless they have disappeared. Where, no one knows. It still remains one of the greatest of mysteries. The passing of the passenger pigeon is an instance of what is happening to some of our most treasured birds.

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By EDWARD W. TURNER

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Who started the 'Sein Fein' movement?

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Will Sein Fein fail?

Will Ireland finally draw closer to Great Britain in real friendship?

Why cannot Great Britain with respect to her own proper interests permit Ireland to effect separation and be independent?

Is it really true that economic ties bind England and Ireland?

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THE STRENGTH OF SINN FEIN

For the first time in years, the Irish farmer is prosperous. The war sent food prices soaring and England consumed everything he could raise. Southern Ireland, the home of Sinn Fein, is dotted with farms like the one pictured above.

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No. 3

IRELAND TODAY

By E. M. NEWMAN

Travel Lecturer

Illustrations in this article—except those with special lines of credit—are reproductions of photographs made by Mr. Newman during his visit to Ireland.

DON'T go to Ireland unless you want to be shot by the Black and Tans or ambushed and assassinated by the Sinn Fein," was the advice given me by officials and friends when I started from London for Erin. But I went to Ireland solely as a spectator, and I felt that as long as I maintained that attitude I was safe.

My first difficulty was to gain admission into Dublin Castle, which today is the headquarters of the British Army. After a wait of several days, and much red tape, I was finally ushered into the presence of Colonel Wilson, chief of the Intelligence Department. He apologized to me for keeping his hands in his pockets while talking, and explained that his hands were on his automatic pistols as a measure of precaution. Both of his predecessors had been shot down, and as he was a man of family he did not want to take any more chances than were necessary. Ten days later he was killed, in broad daylight.

Colonel Wilson gave me a British military pass and, to make my own neutrality doubly sure, I called on Mr. Arthur Griffith, acting President of the Irish Republic, explained to him the purpose of my visit, and asked him to give me Sinn Fein credentials so that I might travel about at will. There was no hesitancy on his part in providing me with the necessary letter, and then, fully armed with my cameras, I was ready for my journey.

CONDITIONS IN DUBLIN

I was amazed to find Dublin apparently calm and peaceful. It was only after several days that I began to sense the feeling of tenseness, the extreme nervousness of the people.

One day I was walking through the streets of the Irish capital when, like a bolt from a blue sky, a shot rang out. People, running from all directions, began to gather, and before I fairly realized that something had happened, motor-lorries filled with troops appeared on the scene. Machine-guns were turned on the crowd,

volleys of rifle shots were poured into the struggling mob which was growing larger every moment. Many dropped, some killed and a number wounded. Finally, the streets were cleared, order was restored, the people returned to their homes, the troops to their quarters, and the riot ended as suddenly as it began. These are the unlooked-for things that happen at the most unexpected times and in places where one might think that such an occurrence was impossible.

Conditions generally are chaotic. Dublin Castle is today an armed fort, closely guarded, day and night, by a strong cordon of troops, while around its walls are barbed wire entanglements. At the entrance to the Bank of Ireland armed sentries pace to and fro. All mail is sent through the streets accompanied by a strong guard, the soldiers wearing steel helmets just as they did at the front.

At night the streets of the city are patrolled by troops and armored cars. Dublin has a curfew law, and anyone found upon the streets after mid-

night, unless provided with a military pass, is arrested. Conditions in the south are far worse; in such towns as Tipperary, Fermoy and Cork, now under martial law, nine o'clock at night was the dead line when I was there—after that hour the inhab-

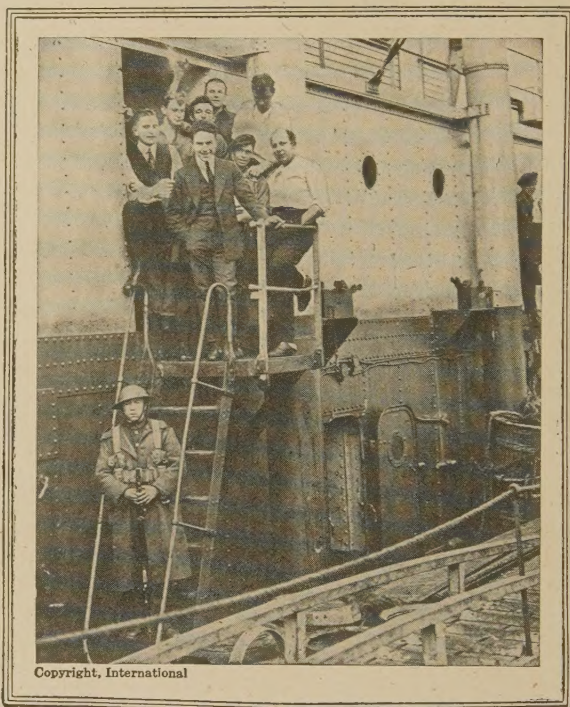
itants were required to be in their homes or suffer imprisonment. Where these laws are in effect, a challenge to halt must be instantly obeyed, as the soldiers are instructed to shoot anyone that disregards orders.

LOOTING AND BURNING

Every police station in Ireland is today a fort. In place of glass in the windows there is sheet steel

with loopholes for rifles. The entrance is protected by barbed wire and all the police, in addition to their revolvers, are armed with rifles. More than five hundred police-barracks have been burned to the ground and the stations have time and again been subjected to attacks.

Terror is added to the unsettled conditions by the numerous conflagrations which have destroyed many homes and millions of dollars' worth



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TENSE DAYS IN ERIN

Even an American ship is not immune from British military control. An English soldier prevents passengers leaving this liner at Queens-town while search is being made for President De Valera, of the Irish Republic, who recently visited the United States

property. In Cork, the best part of the business district has been wiped out by incendiary fires; enormous damage has also been inflicted in such cities as Belfast, London-derry, Balbrigg-



KILLED IN THE NEW "WAR"

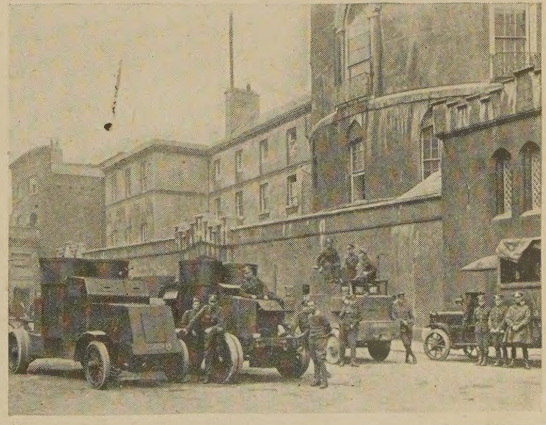
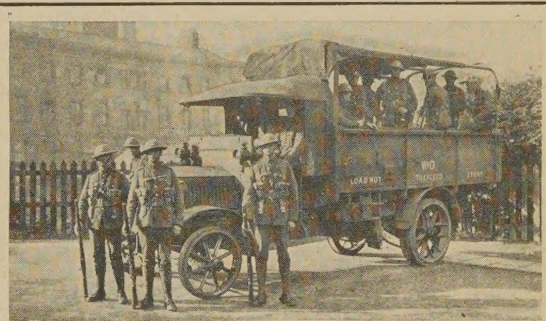
Colonel Wilson (center) lived with his pistols in his hands. Despite his caution, he was killed ten days after this picture of the British military staff was taken at Dublin Castle

an and other places. While much of the damage may be attributed to the action of the mob, considerable looting, sacking and burning has been done in reprisal for outrages committed. Recently the Honorable Under-Secretary for Ireland, in the House of Commons, justified reprisals taken by troops upon inhabitants of villages where outrages were committed.

Such a contention brings up the question whether two wrongs can make a right. Crime cannot be condoned, of course, but whether the innocent should suffer for the guilty is another matter. There may be justification for dire punishment of the perpetrators of some of the most heinous murders that have been committed in Ireland, but because a soldier is killed from ambush, should the entire population of a village be punished? Many of the best English journals have condemned reprisals of this kind, and between contradiction, denial and condemnation, the question is still in abeyance.

In such cities as London-derry and Belfast, I saw sand bag barricades erected by the soldiers, in the principal business thoroughfares. Using these as breastworks, the troops poured a

steady fire into riotous crowds that fought for days. Hospitals were filled with the wounded, business was practically suspended for days, and when order was finally restored, the ugly scars told mutely the story of



A GOVERNMENT UNDER ARMS

Mail truck ready to start (upper) and part of the Dublin Castle armored car patrol

depredations. Wrecked shops, looted stores, burned buildings, all testified to the reign of terror that is shaking the country to its very foundations.

PROSPEROUS FARMERS

In striking contrast to the turmoil in the congested centers, the Irish farmer lives in peace and quiet. He has never been more prosperous, his vegetables bring three and four times as much as in pre-war years, and for little pigs, four and five English pounds each is an average price. As a result, the shack has given way to pretty little thatched-roof cottages, which, today, like sunspots, dot the landscape. These flower-encircled homes are an evidence of a new era in the life of the Irish farmer. Where formerly the cart was the favorite vehicle of the peasant,—the motive power a donkey, last summer I saw upon many

of the farms a little "Henry." So great is the demand for Ford cars that an assembling plant has been built near Cork.

The rollicking good nature of the Irish farmer, his wit and hospitality, is what endears Ireland to the visitor. Eager at all times to extend a hearty welcome to the guest from the United States, it is seldom that one enters a cottage without finding someone who has either a brother or a relative, who is an alderman, mayor or congressman in some city in the United States. The Irishman is thoroughly familiar with our country; next to Erin, which to him is "just a little bit of Paradise," he loves America better than any other place.

SCENIC BEAUTY

As a relief from the shocking scenes of riot, murder and destruction, in the cities, one turns gladly to the lovely romantic spots in the country.



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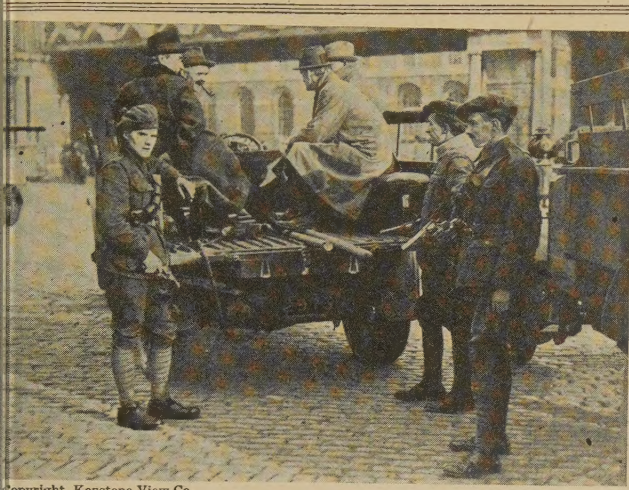
A COMMON SIGHT NOW

Relatives of Sinn Feiners outside of Mount Joy prison, Dublin, where political offenders are imprisoned



"SOMEWHERE IN BELFAST"

British infantrymen barricaded behind sandbags during street rioting



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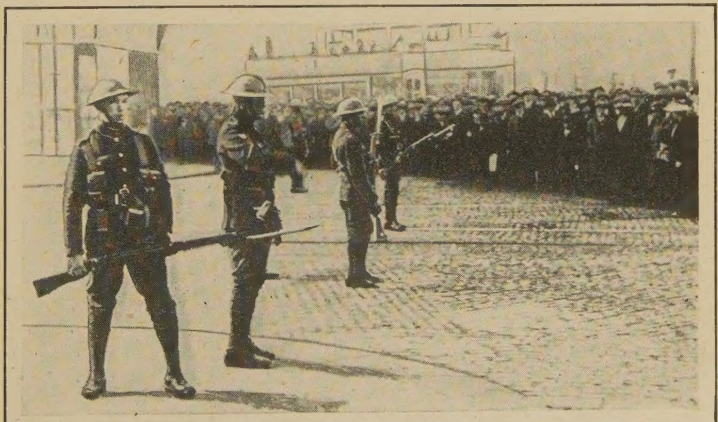
"BLACK AND TANS" GUARDING SINN FEIN PRISONERS
Royal Irish Constabulary. Ex-army men were recruited and wore their light uniforms with the black tam-o'shanters of the Constabulary; hence the name

ch scenic gems as the Lakes of Llanney, the River Shannon, Ballynion, the Giant's Causeway and Golden Vale of Tipperary have rivals for beauty. A copious fall carpets the land with velvety green, clothes the ruins with ivy and adorns the country with a floral mantle.

Blending romance with legend and fairy tale, the people of Ireland associate with all of their beauty spots fantastic stories of colleens, giants and tales of the O'Donoghues. These lend added interest to places made beautiful by the bounty of nature. In visiting Ireland today, it is hard to turn one's face away for a time from the tragic drama of the city streets and dwell on some of the more pleasing things to be seen.

One of the most recent and important industries in Ireland is the co-operative creamery, which is springing up in every part of the country. This, the result of the life-work of Sir Horace Plunkett, has been a boon to the Irish farmer. Wherever a creamery has been built, the farmers for miles around come every day with their little carts to have the cream separated from

the milk. The farmer pays a percentage of the cream obtained for the process of separation. A deplorable destruction of these creameries by Crown Forces has taken place, as reprisal for outrages committed. More than fifty creameries have been burned and enormous damage has been inflicted upon the farmers, most of whom are admittedly innocent of wrong-doing; they are being made to suffer because of the acts of others.



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DUBLIN UNDER MARTIAL RULE

British soldiers holding back crowd while the offices of a newspaper are searched

SOME IRISH INDUSTRIES

Famous for its lace, some of which is as delicate as the web woven by a spider, Ireland confines this industry to the convents, where the Sisters teach orphan girls how to use a needle. So deft have they become that Irish lace is eagerly sought by lovers of delicate handiwork the world over.

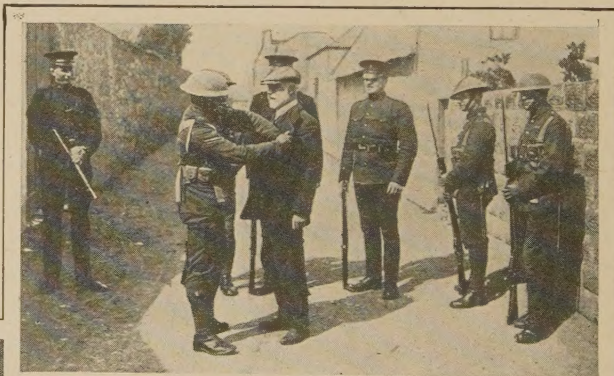
Lace began to be a real Irish industry in 1829 and 1830, and the first active lace centers were Limerick and Carrickmacross. County Cork is famous for needlepoint in the style of the seventeenth century. This particular Irish Point Lace industry has an interesting story, which I give in full:

"In 1847, when famine was raging in Ireland and the English Govern-

ment refused to help the starving people, a nun in the Presentation Convent, Youghal, tried to think of some way by which she could alleviate the awful misery of the poor people. She had in her possession a piece of foreign lace made in Italy. Slowly and carefully she picked out the stitches to learn the process by which the lace was made. She then tried to remake the lace and found to her great joy that she could reproduce it exactly. She immediately taught it to a number of young girls, who soon became very proficient. With these girls the good nun formed a regular school of lace-making. The money earned was a great boon to the starving people. The school continued to prosper and to this day turns out exquisite lace."

IN THE BATTLE AREA; SEARCHING A RESIDENT

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(BELOW)

BELFAST. BARRICADES AND
WRECKED SHOPS
IN BUSINESS
DISTRICT

(BELOW)

WINDOWS SMASHED
AND STOCKS
SCATTERED IN
BELFAST RIOTING





TRICK STREET, CORK, RUINED BY FIRES RESULTING FROM WARFARE ON THE PART OF THE IRISH. THE LOWER PICTURE SHOWS THE RUINS OF THE BUILDING ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THIS STREET



POST OFFICE, CORK, GUTTED BY FIRE THAT SWEEPED CITY FOLLOWING RIOTS. THE BUILDING IS BUT A SHELL AS CAN BE SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOWS



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BLACK AND TANS GUARDING CORK RUINS

In recent years Irish horses have captured the great races run in England and France. Last year the Grand Prix in Paris and the Derby in England were won by Irish-bred horses. At Curragh on the farm of Mr. Parkinson, the well-known horse-trainer, is Bellsie, an unbroken two-year-old, valued at one hundred thousand dollars. On the same farm is a horse belonging to His Highness, the Rajah of Cashmir, purchased for five hundred dollars, now valued at forty thousand dollars. The breeding and training of horses is one of the important Irish industries.

Bogfields are found in every part of Ireland. They are purchased just as are farms. The turf in the bogfields is cut into brick-shaped blocks

by a sort of spade called a "slane." Then these blocks are stacked in piles and dried by the sun. The turf is known as "peat" and is burned as fuel. It is sometimes referred to as "Irish coal." Gathering and selling it is an important business.

COMMERCIAL CENTERS

A tour through Ireland takes one to a number of big, busy commercial cities and towns. Limerick, on the river Shannon, is not only a most picturesque old town, but is an active commercial center, celebrated for its bacon, famous for its lace, and noted for its pretty women. Limerick has historic interest as the scene of the famous—or infamous—"broken treaty," which is referred to elsewhere in this number; the stone, now known as "the stone of the broken

treaty," is set up as a historic monument on the bridge at Limerick.

While the greatest industries, such as shipbuilding and linen, are in the north of Ireland, the richest agricultural district is in the south. Commercially, Belfast is the metropolis of the island; its wealth is far greater than that of any other city. It is essentially a business city, while the capital, Dublin, retains the distinction of being the most beautiful city of Ireland. There is great rivalry between the north

and the south. To understand conditions and know Ireland one must be familiar with the fact that the south is Irish to the core, while in the north, or in the so-called Ulster Counties, there are many Scots.

RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL CONDITIONS

Differences in religious belief has divided the country as much if not more than any other factor. Most of the Orangemen, or Protestants, live in the northern counties, while the south is almost entirely Roman Catholic. The stronghold of the Sinn Fein movement is in the south, while most of those opposed to Home Rule live in the north. Sinn Fein, translated from Gaelic into English, means "we ourselves," or, in other words, a Sinn Feiner (pronounced as if spelled Shin Faner) is one who believes in Ireland for the Irish, and is naturally a Home Ruler.



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HOMELESS

Irish refugees leaving the ruins of a home destroyed by fire



STREET SCENE IN LONDONDERRY

A political tragedy—down there a man has just been killed



WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS ON A BELFAST STREET



A BRITISH OUTPOST

Like barracks throughout the country have been converted into forts. This one, at Ballybunnion, is steel sheathed and loop-holed for rifle firing

It is not a new problem that confronts the Irish. For centuries they have been struggling for freedom. As to the measure and extent of that freedom there are varying degrees of opinion and conviction today. Some want a republic of their own; others would be content with an autonomous Government.

There must be some way out of the deplorable state of affairs in which Ireland now finds itself. Surely there is some compromise possible which will effectually do away with the needless sacrifice of human life and property on the smiling Isle of Erin. Too long has murder and reprisal gone on in a country otherwise blessed with beauty and opportunity.

I went to Ireland with an open mind, with no other purpose than to report conditions as I actually found them. I photographed what I saw—and much of what

I saw was shocking and deplorable. It is a pitiful thing to see men so wrought up that, literally speaking, their hands are on their guns all the time. The slightest provocation furnishes an excuse for murder and arson. Never in all my experience have I seen men so roused to anger as those fighting in the streets of Belfast. Wire entanglements were to be met at points on the main streets, and machine gun corps crouched in protected cor-



HARVESTING A PEAT BOG



FIFTY OF THESE DESTROYED

A co-operative creamery of the kind that is banishing poverty from the Irish farming districts. These creameries are favorite targets for the squads that burn buildings in reprisals on Sinn Fein



AN IRISH FARM OF THE PRESENT

"They kept the pig in the parlor," is a bygone legend; today's farm is as prosperous as it is picturesque

ners. There was an appearance of a besieged city in many quarters. Not even the machine-guns and rifles of the troops, however, were sufficient to quell the rioters, who surged through the streets of the city for four long days and nights. Many were killed, hundreds wounded, millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed. What maddens many of the people is the engagement against them of the Black and Tans, the "pound-a-day men"—hard characters of all kinds serving as hireling soldiers, and pursuing a policy of frightfulness on them.

How long are these things to continue; what prospect is there

of peace and order? The British Government says it is desirous of terminating the Irish question in a manner satisfactory to all concerned. On the other hand the Sinn Feiners claim they are eager for a just settlement. With that avowed desire on both sides, a solution of the problem ought, surely, to be possible.



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ALL'S PEACEFUL HERE

Between the lines there must be a common ground, where settlement can be made, once and for all time, of a quarrel that has lasted for seven hundred years, at a terrific sacrifice, both to England and to Erin. Of one thing I am sure—Americans, always sympathetic, will rejoice when the "Irish problem" is no more.



OLD VILLAGE STREET, IRELAND

A LAND OF SCENERY AND STORY

BY DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

IRELAND is a land of poetry, legend and song. Through all its myths and folk tales there run mingled strains of pathos and humor, that tell the story of Irish nature, with its laughter and its tears.

Irish national character has been molded by years of bitter struggle, and has been mellowed by the poetic influence of scenes of endearing and romantic beauty. We have only to visit Ireland to appreciate this. Riding from south to north, and from east to west, we find ourselves ever under the spell of natural beauty and poetic associations.

BLARNEY CASTLE

A ride of a few miles from the southern city of Cork takes us to B'arney, where we find the shrine of Irish wit—Blarney Castle. It was Cormack MacCarthy who gave Blarney its fame. He lived about 1446 and

was an Irish Bishop, a good churchman, and also a good fighter. But, more than that, he was the first to kiss the Blarney Stone. Cormack MacCarthy built Castle Blarney, and, one day—a short time after he had finished it—he was out walking, and happened to see an old woman drowning in a stream. He plunged in and bravely rescued her. The old woman blessed him and promised that she would, as a reward, bestow on him a tongue of such eloquence that no one, man, woman, friend or enemy, could resist him. The way to obtain this gift, she said, was to climb to the top of his castle, and kiss a certain stone in the wall situated about five feet from the top. MacCarthy followed directions and immediately found himself in possession of ready wit and winning eloquence. Through all the years since then, the Blarney Stone has held its

magic charm, so that, even today, it is said that all those that climb to the top of the Castle and kiss this stone will receive the gift of golden speech.

Blarney is rich in superstition. There is a legend that clings about the ruins that, out in the pastures near the castle, ghostly cattle fight at night with their living fellow cattle on the grounds—and it is reported, too, that, in the summer, fairies dance on the grass all night. As proof of this, fairy-rings are found in the lawn, shining white in the early morning dew.

LIMERICK

Limerick town, on the River Shannon, is known to us not only by the comical, lilting rhymes named after it, but for its varied and exciting history. Brian Boru, the warlike patriot king of old, expelled the invaders of Ireland

from Limerick in 977, and the town became one of the seats of Irish kings. After 1690 Limerick came to be called the "city of the violated treaty." Our picture shows the stone on which the treaty was signed. It happened this way. William III, King of England, besieged Limerick but could not capture it. After much fighting, both sides agreed to end the siege by a treaty. The agreement was signed on Thomond Bridge, which crosses the Shannon. It granted liberty and privileges to the Irish Catholics—but the terms were almost contemptuously ignored, and the treaty quickly violated.

The town of Limerick actually embraces the lovely River Shannon, for it occupies both its banks and an island in the stream; and it is situated not far from the Golden Vale of Tipperary. The River Shannon, famed in story and song, flows through



OLD IRISH CASTLE—ON THE RIVER SHANNON
Now a modern home



BLARNEY CASTLE

IRELAND TODAY

some of the most beautiful and fertile tracts of Ireland—where, on all sides, there is something in nature to attract and interest the eye.

KILLARNEY

The whole lake region of Killarney fairly breathes romance—so much so that the visitor there instinctively falls into a mood of romantic dreaming. The lakes are about a mile and a half from the little town of Killarney. The Upper Lake covers 430 acres. The Middle Lake half again as large. In between there is the picturesque stream called the Long Range that joins the two lakes together. The Lower Lake is five miles long and three broad, the largest of the three. It is about this lake that many of the beautiful ruins are situated. Fair islands and lofty hills, old vine-clad castles and monasteries, and a thick riotous growth of holly and arbutus, in forests of beech, oak, fir and elm—all these make the region of Killarney the most entrancing spot in the British Isles. One of the finest views of the Lower Lake may be had from the beautiful estate of the Earl of Kenmare. On an island in this lake are the ruins of old Ross Castle, built centuries ago by one of the famous O'Donoghue's. This historic ivy-covered pile was the last stronghold in Munster to surrender to Cromwell's forces in 1652.

TARA AND ST. PATRICK

St. Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland, and a great statue of him stands on the Hill

of Tara, near the village of that name, in County Meath. St. Patrick first converted the Irish to Christianity. He established churches all over Ireland—and died in 461. For centuries the Hill of Tara was the home of Irish Kings. There, vast assemblages of the people were held, and there stands the Lia Fial or "Stone of Destiny," on which the kings of Ireland were crowned.

THE LEGEND OF CASHEL

In the midst of a great crowd of people St. Patrick was baptizing Oengus, the son of King Natfraitch—the good saint's first conversion from heathenism in all south Ireland. While being baptized, the spike of St. Patrick's crozier, accidentally, fell on Oengus' foot and passed through it. During the long ceremony the young prince suffered but never winced. Only when the rite was completed did St. Patrick discover that his royal convert was in great pain.

"Why didst thou not tell me?" he asked Oengus.

"Ah, Father," he replied, "I thought it was a part of the holy rite!"

"Then," said the good saint, "thou shalt have thy reward. Not one of thy successors to the throne of Cashel shall die of a wound from today forever!"

And it is said that this promise was fulfilled so truly that twenty-seven kings ruled over Cashel before ever one was slain.

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY

Fin MacCool was a brawny giant—the unconquered champion of Ireland. So



THE RIVER SHANNON AT FERMOY



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY



GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, SHOWING WISHING SEAT

much afraid of him were all the other giants of the land that MacCool had to turn elsewhere to find a fitting foe. Bennandonner, the champion giant of Scotland, looked like a likely candidate to MacCool, and when Bennandonner showed equal willingness to "mix it up" with the Irishman, "the match was on," as we would say. Bennandonner said that he would cross over from Scotland to meet the Irishman if it were not winter and the water too cold for swimming. But Fin MacCool would have no such excuse, and called his opponent's bluff by building a great causeway from Scotland to Ireland. Then Bennandonner had to come over, and Fin gave him a good thrashing—so the Scotchman had all his trouble of crossing and the pain of defeat beside. Fin, like a good generous Irishman, made friends with the man he had "bested" and let him marry and settle in Ireland—which shows that the Irish love of hospitality is equal to their love of a good "scrap."

After the death of the giants the causeway was not used much, and gradually sank under the sea, so that only parts of it are now visible—some of it on the north

coast of Ireland and some over on the other end, in Scotland.

Such was the origin of the Giants' Causeway—or at least that is what they tell you when you go there to see it. The geologists tell us another story. They say that the stones are volcanic in origin, ~~not~~ basalt—and that the strange cleavage has been caused by the cracking of the rock during a process of cooling, long ago in early geological time. It is one of nature's wonder-works. It lies on the north coast of County Antrim and is divided into Little Causeway, which is called the "Honeycomb," and the Grand Causeway. Its pillars are about 40,000 in number, five or six sided, 15 to 20 inches in diameter, and in height some are 20 feet and more.

All visitors to the Causeway seek to get their fondest wish in life realized by seating themselves in the Wishing Chair—an odd formation in the Causeway—and wishing hard for a few seconds.

When we have gained the Golden Tongue by kissing the Blarney Stone, and then sat in the Wishing Chair of the Giants' Causeway, we can leave Ireland with a comforting sense of assurance that we can win our way everywhere and get anything we want.



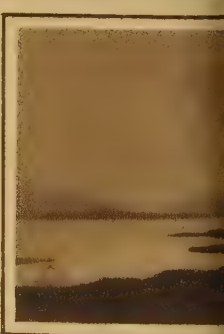
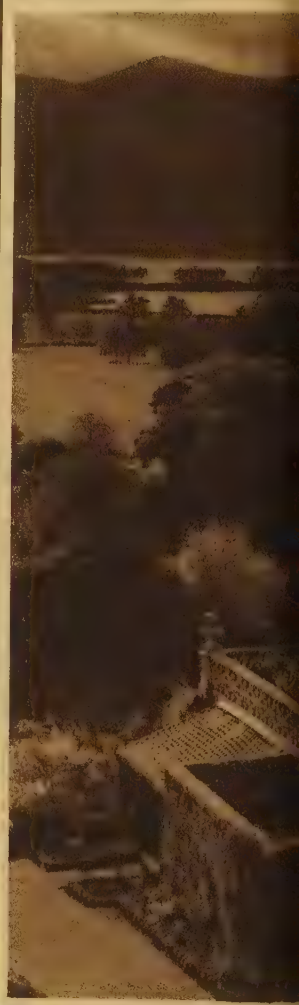
TYPICAL ROCK SCENERY ON THE NORTH COAST OF IRELAND
THE CARRICLE-NA-REDE ROPE BRIDGE SPANS A CHASM EIGHTY FEET DEEP



SUNSET AND EVENING CALM



OLD WEIR BRIDGE. CROSSING THE LONG RANGE STREAM, KILLARNEY



THE LOWER LAKE, KILL
THE

“BY KILLARNEY’S



A RETREAT ON THE LOWER LAKE .



ROSS ISLAND AND ROSS CASTLE, ON THE LOWER LAKE, KILLARNEY



ENMARE'S MANSION.
EY

KES AND RILLS"

WHAT IRELAND IS—AND WANTS

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

HISTORIANS are agreed that Ireland is the oldest pure nationality in Europe. When we recall how much the mingling of the Goths and Teutons generally and the Huns in certain places and the Danes and other North men meant for other countries and comparatively how little for Ireland, it is easy to understand the reason for the expression.

Most of the men and women who now live in Ireland are descendants of people who have been on the island for from two thousand to three thousand years. They repelled the Danes, they absorbed the Normans who came over for conquest, until they became more Irish than the Irish themselves, and they have kept the strain of their nationality free from serious intermingling down to our own time.

Ireland has been not only a nation but a cultivated nation far longer than any other people now in Europe. When St. Patrick came to Ireland there was already in existence there a great literature. Meve, Conor MacNessa, Cuchulainn and Finn MacCumhail (MacCool) are real historical personalities and their date is well determined. The first of these lived just before Christ, the others in the centuries immediately after, and their heroic deeds were written down probably not long after the beginning of the Christian era. It was the stories of these heroes that made up the literature of pagan Ireland. Good critics have not hesitated to declare some of these epic stories worthy of a place beside the great epics of the older nations, even the Greeks and the Hindus. It is a striking evidence of the tolerant spirit of the converted Irish Christians that, instead of obliterating this old pagan literature, they faithfully preserved it, making only slight, easily recognizable modifications in it, so as to give it a certain Christian tinge.

After conversion to Christianity Ireland occupied a unique position. Separated from the mainland by so much greater distance than England, Ireland never came

under the Roman domination and did not share in the decadence that occurred in the Roman Empire. Besides Ireland was not invaded by the barbarians from the North until well on in the Middle Ages. When this nation, with its magnificent pagan literature became Christian, Ireland came to be the Island of Saints and of Scholars. When

the migration of nations left Europe almost absolutely without culture, or any chance for cultivation, Ireland became the Mecca for all those who wanted to develop their minds. St. Patrick founded a great school at Armagh, and all his prominent disciples did likewise. To these schools literally thousands of foreign students flocked. They came from Britain and Gall and Iberia, from Switzerland and Italy and even from Egypt and the near East.



DR. J. J. WALSH

After a century of intensive cultivation of the spirit the Irish monks went as missionaries not only of religion but of education to the continent, and founded schools in many places. There was an Irish foundation at Tours in France, another at St. Gall in Switzerland and a third even as far as Bobbio in Italy. Mrs. Alice Stopford Green (whose husband, John Richard Green, wrote the well-known *History of the English People*) once declared that any man who could read or speak Greek anywhere in Europe west of Italy from the fifth to the ninth centuries had either been taught the language by an Irishman or by someone who owed his education to an Irishman.

This idyllic period of education in Ireland was rudely disturbed by the coming of the Danes. They had a very genius for devastation. The great schools and their churches enriched by generations of artists working in precious metals, provided a wealth of spoil for the invaders. They established permanent settlements at Waterford and Limerick and a powerful kingdom in Dublin. For a century and a half the Irish battled with them. In 1014 Brian Boru defeated them definitely at Clontarf,



IRELAND TODAY

but, alas! Brian himself, and his son and grandson, fell in the battle. The bonds of authority had been loosened during the long struggle with the Danes, and "the next century and a half was a weary waste of turbulence and war."

The Normans took advantage of an invitation to come to the aid of an Irish chief, to land in Ireland and in 1171 Henry II came to Dublin and received the submission of many Irish chiefs, tired of the long civil wars. Finding their language neglected, their literature contemned, their nation despised, a century and a half later the Irish invited Edward Bruce, the younger brother of Robert, and he was crowned king. He was defeated and slain at Faughart, 1318. During the Wars of the Roses and the long war with France, the English lost their hold so that, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, English power in Ireland had almost disappeared. Henry VIII, by a policy of frightfulness, succeeded in re-establishing his authority, and was made king—before that the English King having been but Lord of Ireland. Under Elizabeth, the Irish were once more in rebellion, and Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, gained at the Yellow Ford (1598) the greatest victory ever won in Ireland over English arms. He continued the war for ten years, and laid down his arms only on proper terms being guaranteed. —

The Irish expected much from Elizabeth's successor, James I, son of Mary Queen of Scots, but were sadly disappointed. He "planted" the confiscated lands of Ulster with English Protestants and Scotch Presbyterians—the origin of the modern Ulster. Under his son, Charles I, the policy of "persecution and plantation" was continued. The despoiled Irish looked helplessly on, hating the colonists for whom they had been beggared. The result was the rebellion, sometimes called the massacre, of 1641. Ireland asserted herself, a General Assembly was organized, Owen Roe O'Neill, nephew of the great Earl of Tyrone, was the leading military spirit. The civil war

in England left the English in Ireland unsupported and O'Neill won the great victory of Benburb, 1646. Once more English rule was practically over-thrown. Oliver Cromwell brought English troops to Ireland and the money for putting down the rebellion was subscribed by Englishmen who "adventured" it on the promise of Irish land. The "Cromwellian Settlement" was made to provide this land. It has *unsettled* everything ever since. The Irish supported James II, hoping that he would do them justice, but he was defeated at the Battle of The Boyne. What Burke once declared to be the worst penal laws ever enacted were put into effect to eradicate the Catholic Irish. It seems impossible now to believe that such laws could have been enforced, but they were. Toward the end of the eighteenth century there was some mitigation of the penal laws under the influence of the Revolution in America and the French Revolution. There was an English reaction against this leniency that precipitated Robert Emmet's Revolution of 1798. Thus Ireland's desperate outreachings for freedom continued.

The nineteenth century saw a series of organized attempts to secure civil rights. O'Connell's movement compelled the passage of a Catholic Relief Bill in 1829. In the forties came the potato blight and famine, and literally millions of people perished. Many thousands sailed for America, most of them to die of "famine fever" on the way. In a few years the population of Ireland was reduced by one-half. The Irish cause seemed hopeless, but the Fenian movement revealed the deep disaffection that existed, and a reaction took place in liberal English minds. Gladstone took up the Irish cause. The Irish church was disestablished, and then the various Land Acts were passed, securing the farmers from the awful "rack rents." Only by per-

petual struggle the Irish succeeded in forcing the correction of age-long injustices. Parnell made them a factor in the English Parliament. His death set back Home Rule, but when the Home



EVEN OLD WALLS PROCLAIM THE SLOGAN OF THE DAY





CONVENTION HALL, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.
The room in which De Valera was declared President of the Republic

Rule bill was passed, Ulsterites threatened to rise in rebellion, though a majority of the representatives in the English Parliament from Ulster itself were Home Rulers.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, Sinn Fein (pronounced shin fane) that is, "We Ourselves," was organized for Irish interests. What Sinn Fein wants is "Self Determination." It is founded on the faith of the Irish people that they have strength to free themselves. This is not politics—it is a national philosophy. When the Home Rule bill was shelved, they elected a majority of members of Parliament who refused to sit in Westminster. They then elected a Constituent Assembly which chose a president, and he selected his cabinet. The Government of Ireland was practically taken over by them. The English courts lost power, the Irish courts functioned in their place. To a great extent Ireland became independent. It is in the effort to bring English rule back to Ireland that "the Black and Tans," composed of the worst characters of the English army and many ex-prisoners, have been thrown into Ireland, and a policy of frightfulness instituted—with

"reprisals" at the hands of such men.

Sinn Fein asks self determination for the oldest nation in Europe, which has kept its nationality for ten centuries in face of the almost impossible. The English writer, Jerome K. Jerome, said, "Why should the independence of Ireland frighten us? Why is England the only country that dare not live side by side with a free people? If the French were a little people, I suppose we should be arguing the same way, declaring that we must conquer France and hold her down because she happens to be only twenty miles from Dover." He added: "If America argued as we do, she would conquer and annex Canada, as she easily could do. . . . Let Ireland go with God's blessing and a shake of the hand and the hate and evil of a thousand years will be drowned and out of the sea will arise a friendly nation that we can live with side by side." That is the opinion of most of the liberal minds of England, many more than we have any idea of in America and, above all, that is the feeling of the majority of the subjects of the British Empire in the Dominions. The Irish question is now the crux of the duration of the Empire and its prestige in the world.





HILL OF TARA AND STATUE OF ST. PATRICK

WHAT NEXT—AS SHAW SEES IT

TTLEMENT of Ireland's national problems will come along industrial and not political lines, George Bernard Shaw, famous Irish playwright and publicist, believes.

Shaw has written much on Irish affairs.

In one of his plays, "John Bull's Other Island," in which he sets Anglo-Irish relations, as he sees them.

In a long preface he analyzes the causes of the relations in a manner entirely Shavian, taking neither side and being, apparently, to

explaining his prediction recently in the *New American*, Shaw says: "We shall yet see Sir Edward Carson (leader of the Ulster Protestants) calling upon the Protestant in Ireland and indeed on the landlord, Protestant or Catholic, Royalist or Republican, Conservative or Sinn Féin,

all for a struggle against partition." Sir Edward Carson, until a short time ago, was irrevocably opposed to Home Rule for Ireland because, he said, the Protestant north of Ireland would be conceded politically, under such an arrangement, by the more populous Catholic south (Ireland.)

In Ireland, as elsewhere, the social problems set up by the opposition of pecuniary interests between property and proletariat are finally determined by the political division. However, the strains set up by the Nationalist and Unionist sentiment may cut across them. When Ulster has segregated itself from the south, Ulster capital will discover that it has segregated itself from its natural proprietary allies, the southern farmers, and compelled itself to fight organized labor, at the greatest possible disadvantage, in the area where the industrial proletariat is concentrated in overwhelming electoral force." Sir Edward Carson has admitted in Parliament that labor can win every seat in Ulster if it likes. Why, then, have the

Ulster employers accepted this bill? Partly because, as I warned them, their old intention of simply ignoring any Home Rule Act collapsed the moment they realized that the only effect would be that Labor would jump the claim and have a walkover at the

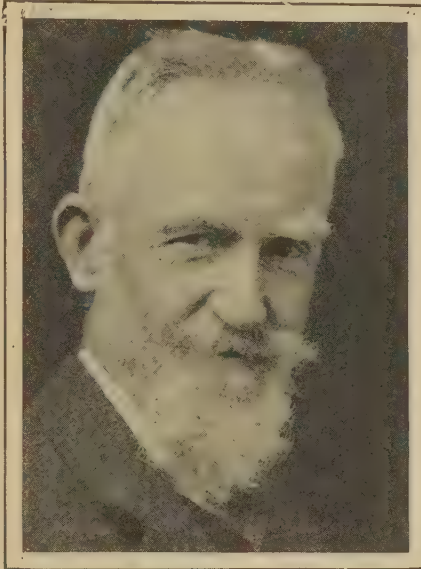
Ulster polls, but chiefly (my argument being too unfamiliar for them to take in) because they had a blind dread that an all-Ireland Parliament would tax Ulster commerce to death.

"To escape that, they have placed themselves politically at the mercy of their own employees, who have every conceivable motive for not only raising wages and shortening hours of labor by trade union action, but also of imposing further factory legislation, and providing unemployment insurance, education, housing, school meals, slum abolitions, electric light, trams,

parks, bands and a dozen other municipal services yet undreamed of, with the cost . . . thrown on excess profits, unearned incomes and all the other sources at which property is vulnerable to Socialist schemes of . . . taxation."

The religious issue, still regarded by the majority of persons as the chief cause of Irish unrest, does not impress Shaw as a serious factor in Irish affairs. He says that raising the bugaboo of a Catholic south of Ireland controlling a Protestant north of Ireland will no longer split the Irish people into two groups unable to reach an agreement on how they are to be governed. Ulster workers, intent upon improving their conditions at the expense of Ulster capital, will not be swerved by raising this traditional issue, he declares.

When Ulster employers realize this, Shaw predicts, Sir Edward Carson will again reverse his position. "Everywhere in Europe now," he says, "industrial employers are holding Socialism off by getting their backs against the immense and almost immovable



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G. BERNARD SHAW

conservative mass of peasant proprietors.

"In Ireland, that mass is composed mainly of Sinn Fein farmers, who, though perfectly ready to kick the King's Crown into the Shannon, may be depended upon not to budge an inch when they are threatened by their laborers with high taxes, high wages, and field legislation."

If Ireland is partitioned politically, Shaw further predicts, we shall see a southern Ireland, controlled by farmers making profits through co-operative enterprises, taught by Sir Horace Plunkett, an Ulster controlled by radical labor and Sir Edward Carson calling upon employers and landlords, northern and southern alike, to forget the religious issue, unite for an Irish Parliament.

"I do not suppose that readers will believe this until it actually happens, any more than they believed my previous forecast until it was fulfilled, by which time they had forgotten that I made it; still, I think it worth recording, as there may be an intelligent person here and there capable of being convinced by it. We are sufficiently embittered and perplexed by old antagonisms without believing them irreconcilable, when in fact they are bound to dissolve presently under the pressure of circumstances."

A complete change in Ireland's military possibilities has taken place since the war, Shaw says, which lays the ghost of a free Ireland being a

military menace to the British Empire.

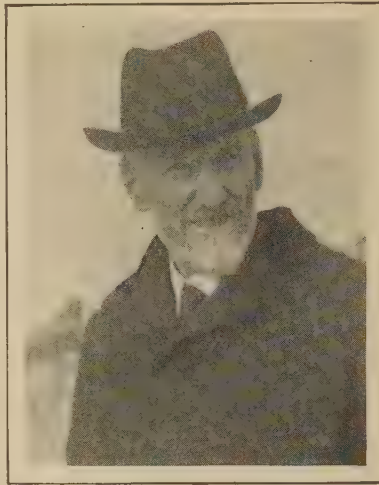
"The war proved," he writes, "that the most formidable armaments are not those costly battleships and big battalions which rich and populous countries only can afford, but cheap submarines and aeroplanes, cheaper bombs and floating mines, still cheaper poison gases, and, cheapest of all, infected and consequentially infectious microbes.

"These things unquestionably do make small communities far more dangerous to large ones than they were ten years ago. But they are not a reason for subjugating small communities, because it is part of danger that they elude mere subjugation, and can be removed only by

extermination. They also make large communities quite horribly dangerous—for example, France is enormously more dangerous to England than Ireland is, and a war of extermination waged between France and England in pursuit of an illusion of security would exterminate civilization.

"There is but one remedy, only one, and that remedy is conscience. Recommend it to the consideration of the next person in Ireland, to whatever side he may belong, who feels tempted to commit murder."

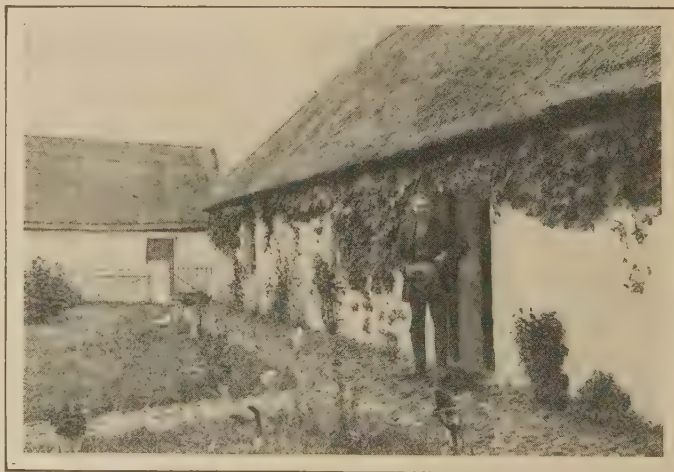
Unlike other Irish publicists, Shaw takes no part in the Irish conflict. He belongs to no party and has never held office. His views are those of a disinterested observer rather than those of a participant in the struggle for or against the freedom of Ireland.



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SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

He taught Irish farmers co-operation, which has enabled them to prosper



THE NEW FARMER AND HIS HOME

Sinn Fein's strength lies in a membership of men of this type

THE IRISH IN AMERICAN HISTORY

"IRELAND," says an Irishman, "has contributed more to the making of America than any other nation but England, the motherland." A grandson of Martha Washington, George Washington Custis, tolled "the sons of Ireland, who, with inspiration deep and fervent for our cause, cried from their hearts, 'God save America!'" up to the coming of the French," he declared, "Ireland had furnished soldiers in the ratio of one hundred for one of any nation whatever. . . . Let Truth and Justice, guiding the pen of history, inscribe on the tablets of America's remembrance the immortal phrase of Edmund Burke, 'Eternal Gratitude to Irishmen.'"

In the early years of New England settlement, Ireland's contribution to the population of the Colonies was larger than that of any other country.

When Benjamin Franklin was abroad in 1771, he visited Ireland to get the drift of sentiment toward America. After he returned home he addressed a formal letter to the Irish people setting forth the patriot cause, and making a plea for assistance. Ireland's answer is written large on our national scroll of service.

The son of a Limerick schoolmaster—John Sullivan—made the first strategic move in the War for American Independence. In a British fort he seized the stores of powder that a few months later

fed the guns at the battle of Bunker Hill.

A third of the officers in Washington's army were of Irish birth or descent, and a large proportion of the troops were of the same parentage. Captain John Barry, born in County Wexford, won the first sea

battle for America and is known to posterity as the "Father of the American Navy." Washington, in recognition of his debt to the Irish, made "St. Patrick" the watchword on the eve of the British evacuation of Boston, March 17, 1776. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick raised half a million dollars for the succor of the exhausted troops at Valley Forge, and, after the war, elected Washington a member of the organization.

Twelve signers of the Declaration of Independence were Irishmen, or sons of Irishmen. One of

these was John Hancock. Another was Robert Treat Paine.

In the English parliament, two Irishmen, Edmund Burke and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, gave the benefit of their oratory to the defence of the Colonies.

Nearly half the Presidents of the United States have had Irish ancestry. In the war of 1812 Irish-Americans won victories that decisively helped America to win the war.

One hundred and fifty thousand native-born Irishmen fought in the Civil War. In the last two wars that have engaged American troops, valiant fighters of Irish blood have carried on the traditions of their race.



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STATUE OF COMMODORE JOHN BARRY

Erected in 1907, by the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in Independence Square, Philadelphia

IRISH SONGS McCORMACK SINGS

LILTING Irish songs, with the twang of the ould sod, and love and romance, and a bit of mischief too," have made John McCormack, Irish tenor, internationally famous. In making programs, the most beloved of Irish tenors never fails to include folksongs of his native land, which he "holds to be the most beautiful music of this kind."

Born in Athlone, "straight up the River Shannon," whose charms he extols in verse and song, McCormack recalls that the first tune to meet his youthful ears was "The Wearin' of the Green," "picked out with one finger" by his music-loving father. "The songs I knew then were good songs," says he in his own story, published in 1918. "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms" was one. My mother taught it to me, and, though I sing it to this day, I have never found it necessary to change so much as a breath mark in it."

When the boyish young tenor made his bow to London a score of years ago, he sang "The Irish Emigrant," or "The Woods of Caillino." Samuel Lover, one of the most treasured of early Irish writers, relates that this ballad was brought from Ireland by the soldiers of Queen Elizabeth. It be-

came so popular in Shakespeare's time that he quoted it in "Henry V."

Lover's "Rory O'More" was written to offset the tendency to vulgarity and roisterousness that marked the Irish ballad of his day. "The Low Back'd Car," another of Lover's songs, is a prime favorite with McCormack's concert and phonograph audiences.

Indisputably, "Kathleen Mavourneen" reigns the queen of Irish songs. An Irishwoman wrote the words; the air was conceived by an Englishman of Irish descent, Frederick Crouch. The melody came to him one day while he was traveling through a lovely bit of river scenery. Adelina Patti used the song regularly on her programs. It earned close to a hundred thousand dollars for its publishers, who paid the composer fifty dollars for the rights. Crouch came to the United States in middle life, and died in poor circumstances at the age of eighty-nine.

When McCormack, whose voice literally has girdled the globe with its golden strains, mourns for "Kathleen," or bids his audience "Come Back to Erin," or drift with him through the Lakes of Killarney, hearts respond, and follow where he leads. For all the world loves the songs of John McCormack.



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THEY ALL LOVE IRISH SONGS

Six thousand in this audience to hear John McCormack in the Hippodrome, New York

THE WORLD'S FUNNIEST RAILROAD

THE Irish people, noted for their humor, have exhibited this characteristic in building the queerest railway in existence.

It is known as the Lartigue Railway, and is in Ballybunnion and Listowel on the west coast of Ireland.

It is a mono-rail twelve miles in length—the most curious “contraption” of the way of transportation in existence. It has a single track elevated above the ground a distance of about three feet. The rails as well as the wheels are all twins, balanced on the mono-

in its balance of weight, therefore, it is always a case of “fifty-fifty,” or an “even break,” in the weight of passengers and freight. If there happen to be five passengers in a car on one side of the rail and but one in the car on the other side, a bag filled with sand has to be placed on the other side to keep the train from tipping over.

This peculiarity calls for a train crew possessed of tact, for passengers must be placed by weight, not preference, in an arrangement that they do not always take kindly to. Particularly in the case of women does the guard have to exercise a discrimination; not only do they object to being separated, but frequently resent the estimate of their weight.

This funny little railroad has its own way of reckoning with the problem of street crossings. Where the rail is to be cut to admit vehicles to pass. Here there draw-

bridges have been built over the track, which can be raised or lowered at will, but these are considered cumbersome and not very practical. The solution is usually a “track-gate.” The most amusing experience on the road with such a gate comes when

the train passes a farm-house. The farmer, who would be unable to enter his yard because of the elevated rail, cuts and makes a swinging-gate of the track. When, therefore, the train approaches the farm-house, the engineer may find the swinging track-gate wide open—in which case, he blows his whistle, and after several toots, the farmer

comes out, closes his gate, and the train, which has been waiting, is permitted to resume its speed of four miles per hour.

Speed is not an essential in the operating plan of the funniest railroad. With traffic subject to the kind of interruption just described and an engine capable of the magnificent speed of four miles an hour, one does not expect too much of it. The necessity of rushing from place to place has not penetrated this part of Ireland as yet. Indeed, the passenger is more than compensated for his loss of time by his enjoyment of the beautiful country through which he passes, an enjoyment that a speedier train would make impossible.

Thousands of Irishmen travel over this unique railway, as Ballybunnion is one of the prettiest resorts in Erin and one of the most popular. Speed is not the essential that it is in America, this fact testifies.



BALANCED ON A SINGLE RAIL



YOU SIT ACCORDING TO WEIGHT ON THIS TRAIN

MILLIONS AND MILES OF SEEDS

LETTING farms go to seed is a profitable business. Some sections of the United States are entirely given up to the industry. Millions of tons of pedigreed seeds are produced every year. Cargoes of them go abroad, but the fields of America consume most of the annual crop of flower seeds, vegetable seeds, cereal seeds, grass seeds,—seeds of every shape, size and future promise.

Almost every state in the Union grows seeds commercially, and in about half the states seed control laws are in force, to prevent misbranding and substitution. California has the largest area devoted to miscellaneous production. The Southern States specialize in onion and vine seeds. The Mid-West has an extensive acreage in seed corn and beans. The gardens of the Atlantic seaboard yield carloads of cabbage, pea, tomato and melon seed.

In Toledo, Ohio, a market center, brokers deal in clover seed "futures," just as speculators gamble in next year's wheat crop in the Chicago pit. Seventy-five million bushels of seed are needed to sow the fifty million acres of wheat prairies in the United States.

Before the War, America imported half of her vegetable seeds and most of her flower seeds. But today the world's seed garden is in the New World.

Going down from Monterey, California, toward Santa Barbara, the traveler sees miles of farming land sown exclusively for a seed harvest. Here is a hundred-acre field in a single variety of radish, and, beyond, a vast bed of violets that will fade and dry unplucked, in the cause of propagation.

The planting and reaping of the California crop is a mammoth enterprise. A single

firm sows more than three thousand acres a year. Care is taken not to plant adjoining fields with varieties of the same species; in this way a pure-strain is assured. Next-door plant neighbors on seed farms are always strangers, and are never related to each other.

Enough nasturtium seed is grown in Washington, Oregon and California to plant a row across the continent. Growers have developed over a hundred varieties of the sweet pea, and through their enterprise made it "the world's most popular annual." Think, ye back-yard gardeners, of a field of sweet peas two hundred



Courtesy, Doubleday, Page & Co.

A GARDEN FOR A GIANT

Acre after acre of blossoms on a California seed farm.

acres broad! When you buy a handful of packets for your spring planting, picture a mound of sacks containing two dozen million handfuls of prolific grains—each one capable of producing a wealth of vines and odorous blossoms!

More than two thousand acres of California land are devoted to the raising of sweet pea seed.

The story of seed breeding, and the devotion of men that have spent their lives developing one particular species, makes an absorbing tale.

A Long Island grower has gained such renown as a cultivator of cabbages that gardeners pay twice as much for his seeds as for any others of the same kind. New York State boasts a plant wizard who has perfected the seed of a stringless string bean.

"To give plants the best available grandfathers," to supply the world with seeds grown under dependable scientific conditions, is the slogan of the modern American wholesale grower of seed.

PUPPETS AND PUPPETEERING

PLAYING with dolls, and making dolls play, is the two-fold vocation of Tony Sarg. Tony Sarg is a Guatemalan artist. For years he has surrendered the brush for the modeling tool, created little creatures of wood and wire instead of images on canvas.

Pulling strings on the puppet stage is his constant occupation. Under his direction a company of mock actors is now touring the United States. Putting puppets to work on the American stage he has made a new departure—given us amusement where there were few.

There are few puppeteers of the type that have not been brightened by the light of the animated doll. The booth of the puppeteer lures the passerby in Turkey, Japan, in Italy, France and England. Punch and Judy show is Italy's special contribution. In the parks of Paris and the Continental cities the abusive pair draws crowds of onlookers, who through the performance, "pleased with the realistic wrangling, and, most outrageous of comedians, is a puppet descendant of a famous Italian actor who created the part some three hundred years ago, and played it in France under Louis XIV.

Long before the Italian *Pulcinello* was used to make nations laugh, marionettes were used in presenting sacred plays on Bible tales. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, wandering puppets gave a miracle in villages of England that never had opportunity to see the imposing "moral-spectacles the cities knew. Shakespeare, in the "Winter's Tale," refers to "a motion of the Prodigal Son,"—"motion" an early English for a marionette exhibition. These players in primitive religious plays got their name from little figures of the Virgin Mary—*mariolettes*—that were sold in the streets of Italy. The word "puppet" is from *poupée*, the French for doll.

Italians have a traditional fondness for puppet plays whose theme is a romance of medieval days. For many years there has been a "Theater of Marionettes" in New York's Italian quarter. The low room is crowded every evening with a chattering throng, eager for the curtain to rise on the imitation drama. "Fiercely immobile as to expression, but most active as to arms and legs," knights and ladies stalk romantically about, and dance and make love according to the dictates of the shirt-sleeved puppet-master in the wings. Battle scenes of amazing



WOODEN ACTORS IN "RIP VAN WINKLE"

fury rouse the audience to outbursts of joy. "Then it is that heroic deeds are done—tin swords resound upon tin armor, helmets are battered about and knocked off, dust rises from the field, the valiant dead falling in staring heaps."

In London, "Holmen's Marionettes" are a regular feature of the dramatic season. The Holmen family have been professional puppet showmen for generations. With incredible dexterity the small figures carry through scenes of lively emotion. Sometimes a clown or a tight-rope walker varies the program with his nimble tricks, to the wonder of spectators, young and old. There is a renowned theater in Munich, and another in Rome, given over to marionette actors. Quite recently a repertory of puppet plays was successfully presented in Chicago by a group of authors and artists.

It is a far cry from the puppetry of religious "motions" to the sophisticated dramas of today. A distinction is properly made between puppets of the Punch and Judy sort, manipulated by a hand inserted through an empty body, and the bands of marionettes that, possessed of all their members, and wondrously bewigged and costumed, entertain present-day audiences.

Modern marionettes have nearly as many joints as a human being. Their

faces are modeled of wax, and, in the case of the Sarg castes, are contrived with supreme skill. Since even the cleverest puppeteer has not yet found a way to manipulate the muscles of a puppet's wax cheek, each countenance conveys, of course, but one emotion.

In "Rip van Winkle," Tony Sarg's 1920-21 production, the figures are so ingeniously articulated that remarkably life-like movements and expressions are achieved. Above the tiny stage, unseen on either side, are narrow lofts where the puppeteers stand or kneel. In their hands they hold small frames, consisting of short upright sticks and cross pieces. From each bar hangs a thread that governs a single puppet motion. The characters under Mr. Sarg's direction pretend to such variety of puppetish pantomime that most of them have more than twenty strings to their joints. Days and weeks of toil go into the making and rehearsing of the inanimate caste of a long play like "Rip."

Behind the scenes at a puppet show, moving among the miniature "props" and



BEHIND THE SCENES

In the center above is Tony Sarg, chief puppeteer

blue gingham bags and hung in a row to await the next performance.

The writing of a puppet drama is a special art. "Spoken lines must be long enough to allow the marionettes to 'suit the action to the word.'"

Now that America has a proficient puppet company, we may look for annual appearances of these fascinating little mimes of wood, wire and wax.

—Ruth Kedzie Wood



THE CAST RESPONDS TO A CURTAIN CALL

Why the Crowd Around Johnstone?

It was in a club. Eight or ten men were congregated in one corner, and one man was holding the attention of them all.

I have read in many places that it is personality and "presence" that attract people. But I confess to you that when I drew closer and saw Johnstone, and listened for only a few minutes, I knew exactly what made us all listen—*Johnstone knew the facts!*

At first the subject was that ever-present one, *Labor*. Like everyone else, I had heard much for and against capital and labor, I was quite tired of it, and thought I would turn away. But that man Johnstone held me. No doting on a hobby theory for a solution of the trouble, but setting forth the difficulties, and broad possible solutions. It was clear, decisive—he *had his bearings*.

AFTER a little while, I fell into the conversation which drifted to various things of common interest, as such discussions will.

But whether *current events, politics, education, science, international affairs, business, war, peace, the Army, the Navy*—it didn't make any difference—we all volunteered our opinions. But most of the others felt like I did—I would express an opinion and involuntarily look toward Johnstone to see if he would second it. And if he didn't everybody awaited his opinion. And when he expressed his opinion mine was left empty. Opinions of others met a similar fate.

There was no getting away from it—*Johnstone knew the facts*.

SHORTLY after this I asked a man of my acquaintance, for whose standing I had great admiration, "How did Johnstone manage to acquire such a bearing of confidence amid the jumble of current events?" His answer was laconic:

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? WHO; WHAT; WHEN; AND WHY?

***On this page we print such questions and answers selected from our daily mail as seem to have a general interest.*

Question. What are the Seven Wonders of the World?

Answer. There are three groups of "Seven Wonders"—the "Seven Wonders of the *Ancient World*" were the Pyramids of Egypt; the Light-house of Ptolemy on the Island of Pharos, at Alexandria, Egypt; Hanging Gardens of Babylon; Temple of Diana at Ephesus; Statue of Jupiter by Phidias; Mausoleum of Artemisia; Colossus of Rhodes. The "Seven Wonders of the *Middle Ages*" were the Coliseum of Rome; Catacombs of Alexandria; Great Wall of China; Stonehenge (prehistoric stone monument at Salisbury Plains, England); Leaning Tower of Pisa; Porcelain Tower of Nankin; Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople. The "*Seven New Wonders of the World*" are Wireless; Telephone; Aeroplane; Radium; Antiseptics and Antitoxins; Spectrum Analysis; X-Rays.

Question. How do you pronounce the name of Sir Frederick Leighton's picture "Lachrymae," and what does it mean?

Answer. The name is pronounced, *lack'-re-may*. The word is Latin, and it means "tears" or "grief." There is no particular story, that we know of, connected with Sir Frederick Leighton's painting. It is an impressive and affecting impersonation of sorrow, represented by a beautiful female figure clad in black, leaning on a broken column. The original painting is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Question. What is the "Fountain of Youth?" Is it a real place?

Answer. The Fountain of Youth was a mythical spring supposed by some of the Indians of Central America and the West Indies to exist in a region called "Bimini." It was said of the Fountain that its waters would restore youth to the aged and heal the sick. It appears that before the discovery and the conquest of the Western Hemisphere by the Whites, Indians made expeditions to Florida and the Bahamas in search of the Fountain of Youth, and the Spaniards, under Ponce de Leon, Navarrez, De Soto and others, penetrated into the interior of the continent, seeking for it during the early part of the sixteenth century. Similar stories about a mythical Fountain of Youth have been found in India and the Pacific Islands.

Question. Do Presidential Electors and Delegates to National Conventions receive any salaries?

Answer. Members of Presidential Electoral Colleges are not looked upon as Federal officers, but as acting for the States. They have neither Federal nor State salaries, but are usually allowed their expenses to the meeting of the College of Electors in their State. As far as delegates to National Conventions are concerned, I can speak from experience, having been a delegate at large from Massachusetts to the National Convention of the Republican Party to Chicago in 1912. I am able to assure you that delegates get no pay either from the State or the party, and have the

pleasure of meeting their own expenses. (This answer comes from Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard.)

Question. What is the meaning of the phrase on the title page of books, "All rights of translation into foreign languages reserved, including that of Scandinavia"?

Answer. This is done because the Scandinavian nations did not enter into the general covenant in which other nations engaged to protect copyrights. The rights of translation of a book are covered by a general covenant and the nations of Europe and America are bound by this covenant—all except the Scandinavian. It is necessary, therefore, to make a separate provision for Scandinavian protection. This is the reason that the special phrase is inserted notifying all that Scandinavian protection has been secured.

Question. Who was the original of Gainsborough's famous portrait called "The Blue Boy"?

Answer. The "Boy Blue" of Gainsborough is not, as many suppose, a lad of noble birth. He was the son of a well-to-do English iron-monger—Jonathan Buttall by name. He may or may not have been a beautiful boy. Gainsborough had a way, however, of conferring loveliness on his subjects. He portrayed Master Buttall, erect and smiling, with a "grown-up manner," and the dignity of a young prince. It is a triumph in the art of portrait painting.

Question. What is the meaning of "Chamber Music" and of "Program Music"?

Answer. "Chamber Music" is the term used for musical pieces played by a group of musicians too small in number to be called an orchestra. Chamber Music is such music as is especially fitted for performance in a small room or chamber than in a large concert room, church or theater. Most frequently these pieces of music are for a few players of string instruments—quartets, quintets, etc., either with or without piano. "Program Music" is descriptive music depicting or suggesting scenes or incidents like a thunder storm, the babbling of a brook, the singing of birds, etc., together with whatever poetic fancy may be associated with it by the composer. (These replies come from Mr. Henry T. Finck, Music Critic of the New York *Evening Post*.)

Question. How did we come to get the word "Windfall" as an expression for good luck?

Answer. The origin of this word goes back to the time of William the Conqueror, when cutting down timber in the forest was punished as a crime. Only those trees could be cut and gathered that the wind had blown down. For this reason a hard windstorm was counted by the poor people as just so much good luck. It meant broken limbs and fallen trees—consequently free timber.

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31 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY

We have known for years the Irishman of song, story and stage—as we have found him in the sentimental verses of Thomas Moore, in the “Handy Andy” of Samuel Lover, and “Conn the Shaugraun” of Dion Boucicault; the Irishman of the brogue, the quick wit, the blarney, the brandished shillelagh; or the devil-may-care gentry of “Harry Lorrequer” and similar novels; and the romantic stage-heroes impersonated by Barney Williams, Murphy and Chauncey Olcott.

But the pages of history have turned. In the last quarter-century, a new spirit has infused Irish life and literature, and the poets, novelists and play-writers have awakened to the light of a “Celtic Dawn.” There is a new creed in Irish art, and W. B. Yeats is its prophet and high priest.

★ ★ ★

The new movement was prompted by a desire to create a purely national art in literature that would fully express the feeling and thought of the Irish people—the spirit of the race. This movement was to draw its inspiration from the old traditions, the folklore, and the actual living conditions of Ireland.

The first material for this new movement—we might say the propaganda of it—was afforded by Douglas Hyde’s “Book of Gaelic Stories” (1889). The next year, W. B. Yeats wrote: “A true literary consciousness—national to the center—seems gradually to be forming. We are preparing for a new Irish literary movement.” In 1892 Yeats founded the National Literary Society in Dublin—and authors and books, in Dublin, London and New York, began to appear. Then, in 1899, came the Irish Literary Theater—also largely a Yeats enterprise, in which, however, he had the invaluable support of Lady Gregory and Edward Martyn, a wealthy Irishman.

And then came the rest—poets, novelists, and dramatists, full of eager hope and ambition, and many of them gifted with rare genius. They differ in their methods of expression. Some of them, influenced by

Yeats and Douglas Hyde, urge the use, not of cultivated English, but of Anglo-Irish, the language of the people, the simple, direct and forceful expression of elemental Irish life and experience. Others, not willing to forego the accumulated benefits of culture, are idealists, and like Lord Dunsany, work

in the realm of imaginative poetry and romance. Still others, like Synge, author of “The Playboy of the Western World,” contend that play should not attempt to teach or preach, but should simply picture actual life, and “have its roots firmly fixed in homely reality.”

★ ★ ★

The Irish Literary Theater led to the National Theater Society, which began its interesting career in the Abbey Theater in Dublin, in 1904. There, many plays were produced, some of which we saw when the Irish Players visited the United States in 1911.

The influence of the Irish

Revival in literature has been widespread and wide felt. The authors identified with the movement are too numerous even to mention here. Besides Yeats there is George Moore—though he has gone back to his novels—Martyn, Lady Gregory, W. K. Magee (John Eglinton), J. M. Synge, Lennox Robinson, T. C. Murray, George Fitzmaurice, St. John Ervine (author of “John Ferguson” and “Jane Clegg”), and others; and, in fiction, folk-lore and other prose—besides George Moore, James Stephens, Shan Bullock, Dora Sigerson, Moira O’Neill, William Sharp (Fiona MacLeod), and many, many besides.

In their own individual ways, all these writers have contributed to the new literary movement. We may call it a revolution if we choose, but it is intellectual and moral rather than political. Yeats voiced the original spirit of it when he said: “We would have Ireland recreate the ancient arts, the arts as they were understood in Judea, in India, in Scandinavia, in Greece and Rome, in every ancient land; as they were understood when they moved a whole people, not just a few of the leisure class.”

W. D. Howells



W. B. YEATS

Leader in the movement for an Irish national literature



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He liked her pretty face

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JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEON

An extract from the Memoirs of Josephine's Lady-in-waiting

Her (Josephine's) features were delicate, her expression sweet; her mouth was very small, and concealed her teeth; her complexion was rather dark, but with the help of red and white skilfully applied she remedied that defect; her figure was perfect; her limbs were flexible and delicate; her movements were easy and elegant -----

"Unhappily she was deficient in depth of feeling and elevation of mind. She preferred to charm her husband by her beauty rather than by the influence of certain virtues. She carried complaisance to excess for his sake, and kept her hold on him by

concessions which, perhaps, contributed to increase the contempt with which he habitually regarded women.

"The genius of Bonaparte overawed her; she only criticized him in what concerned herself personally; in everything else she respected what he called 'the force of his destiny'. He exerted an evil influence over her, for he inspired her with contempt for morality, and with a large share of his own characteristic suspicion; and he taught her the art of lying, which each of them practised with skill and effect."

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Empress Josephine
Courts of Berlin and
St. Petersburg
Court of Charles II
Marie Antoinette
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